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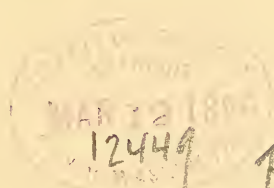




*Elizabeth Robinson Scott.*

# HYMNS OF PRAISE AND GLADNESS

BY  
✓  
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B<sup>21</sup>

PHILADELPHIA  
HENRY ALTEMUS

1896

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## EASTER LILIES.

Easter lilies on the altar  
In the place of honor found,  
It is only very lately  
They lay buried in the ground,  
Shrouded in their darksome prison  
All the snowy winter time,  
Hidden close they gave no promise  
Of this fair and stately prime.

Now a white cross on God's altar,  
Shining like a star from thence,  
Type of that mysterious union—  
Suffering and innocence.  
Very soon our mortal bodies  
Like the lilies will lie hid,  
In the grave where Jesus tarried  
They shall rest as once He did.

Saviour, by Thy cross and passion,  
By Thy resurrection hour,  
Grant to us to share Thy triumph,  
Change us by Thy mighty power.  
Make these forms now vile and earth-worn,  
Like Thy glorious body bright,  
Spotless as these lily-blossoms,  
May we walk with Thee in white.

## RESURGAM.

The hands that pressed our own are still,  
The eyes are shut whose glance could thrill  
Our inmost heart with love's dear pain.  
The silence aches. We wait in vain  
For the fond words that used to tell  
What we could never know too well.  
Gone—all are gone. The empty days  
Drag slowly by. In these dark ways  
Is there no hope? Does naught remain?  
Must solitude and anguish reign?

No, there is comfort even here;  
One died for us and rose to save.  
Our flesh He wore, and as He was  
We too shall be beyond the grave.  
On that first Sunday when He came  
Triumphant back from death's dark shore,  
To doubting hearts He showed the wounds  
That still His sacred Body bore.

So at the Resurrection morn  
This garment of the soul, laid by  
With these sad tears, shall be restored  
Immortal then, no more to die,  
But still the same that here we loved.  
The tender touch, the voice, the smile,  
Whose loss has left us desolate,  
Are gone but for a little while.  
As surely as our Lord returned,  
Changed, yet unchanged by death's sharp pain,  
When the new earth in splendor shines,  
We shall possess them all again.

## KEPT IN REMEMBRANCE.

I would be still remembered  
When I have passed away  
From all the cares and duties  
That fill each busy day,  
When tired hands are folded,  
And feet at rest may stay.

The dear familiar voices  
That utter now my name  
I would have still repeat it  
In tender tones the same ;  
Not bury it in silence,  
As if the sound were pain.

As one for quiet resting  
Withdrawn a little space ;  
Or one gone on a journey  
To some fair healing place,  
Whose soft repose and stillness  
Earth's toil-marks can efface ;



As from misunderstanding  
For evermore set free ;  
As loving and remembering,  
Those left must think of me,  
And thinking thus speak often ;  
But never mournfully.

## LENTEN THOUGHTS.

"Come apart and rest awhile."

'Tis thy Saviour's call to thee.

"From thy pleasures and thy cares

Turn aside awhile with Me."

And the Church, His Bride on earth,

Echoes still His voice to-day,

In this holy Lenten tide,

"Turn aside," she says, "and pray."

Thou did'st keep the Christmas Feast

With a glad and willing heart,

Joining in the angels' song ;

In the Fast now bear thy part.

Friends and neighbors round thee press,

Thronging duties claim thy care ;

Little time to thee seems left

To be spent in quiet prayer.

Our Lord trod this busy earth,  
Lived its life of toil and haste ;  
Knows how much *thou* hast to do ;  
Would He bid thee time to waste ?

Yet He says, "Come rest awhile."  
From the outward, look within,  
Learn to know thyself, and find  
How to conquer secret sin.

In the desert, with thy Lord,  
Tell Him all thy troubles sore,  
Weariness, and pain, and grief,  
He has borne them too—and more.

He will pity, help, and heal,  
Aid thee in the mortal strife ;  
Send thee back with strength renewed  
For the warfare of thy life.

When His Easter morning dawns,  
Having kept the fast with Him,  
Joyful to His holy feast  
He will bid thee enter in.

## A PRAYER.

"Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine forever; and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until she come to Thy everlasting kingdom." Amen.

Defend her, Lord. Could prayers avail  
To shield and keep her safe from harm;  
Ours, offered from the depths of love,  
Would weave for her a sacred charm.

It may not be; no spell is ours  
To work such wonders. Yet we pray,  
Not that no ill may near her come;  
But that she may be Thine alway.

Thine own—made strong for every strife,  
Pardoned, protected by Thy grace,  
Increasing daily in Thy love,  
Grant her at last to see Thy face.

## THY ROD AND THY STAFF.

“The rod for correction, and the staff for support ; both together forming the cross.”

Thou chastenest me in mercy,  
If in brief wrath Thy rod descends ;  
And no correction joyous seems,  
Yet with the pain sweet comfort blends.

Thou sendest me a staff, Thy love,  
A sure support to comfort me ;  
It gives my tired feet fresh strength  
To tread the path that leads to Thee.

And both together, rod and staff,  
Form the one Cross to which I cling ;  
There love and justice met in Thee,  
My Judge, my Saviour, and my King.



## I AM NOT WORTHY.

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou should'st come under my roof; but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."—St. Matthew viii. 8.

"I am not worthy." Is not this the thought  
That soonest springs within the happy  
breast

When the dear love, long dreamed of and  
desired,

In tender whispers is at last confessed?

Before the o'erwhelming bliss of love re-  
turned

The soul shrinks back in deep humility;

"I am not worthy of this mighty joy,

What have I done that it should come to  
me?"

If human love brings questionings like these,  
What says the heart, all soiled and smirched  
with sin,

When at her door incarnate Love himself,  
The King of Glory, seeks to enter in?

“I am not worthy, Lord, that Thou should’st  
come

Under my roof.” This her first cry, and  
then,

As Faith draws near she waxes bold, “He  
heals

With but a word.” “Speak, Lord, with power  
again.”

## IN EXTREMIS.

He "heard thee what time as the storm fell upon thee."—Ps.  
lxxxix. 7.

Not when the sunlight lies  
On upland slope and field,  
And life's first brilliant hours  
Bewitching foretastes yield.

Nor when at noontide's prime  
Success makes all look bright,  
Or love's enchantment shows  
Fresh vistas of delight.

We pray to God indeed,  
But comes there voice or sign  
That to calm prayers like these  
He doth His ear incline?

'Tis when the land is dark  
With clouds of doubt and dread,  
And heavy storm-drops fall  
On the defenceless head;

No shelter from the blast,  
No hiding-place in sight,  
The sun of joy and love  
Gone down in blackest night :

Then the bewildered soul,  
In anguish and in fear,  
Cries to her God for help,  
And *knows* that He doth hear.

## FAITH.

Lord, I believe. Though shadows intervene,  
And mists rise up to hide Thee from our  
sight,  
These are but earth-born vapors : full and  
clear  
Beyond the cloud of doubt shines forth the  
Light.

We may not know Thee now by outward  
sense,  
Our eyes are holden that they cannot see  
The glory and the beauty of Thy face :  
We cannot penetrate the mystery.

Help Thou mine unbelief. The mighty facts  
Of science are a blank to childhood's mind,  
Yet are they none less true because in them  
Uncomprehending souls no meaning find.



If any man will do Thy will, to him

Shall knowledge come, enough to guide  
aright.

It solves no subtle problems : these must  
wait

Another world, where faith is lost in sight.

## FORGIVENESS.

“Lord, how oft shall my brother sin  
Against me, yet forgiveness win,  
Till seven times?” asked one of old.  
And we to Peter’s question bold  
The gentle answer know full well,  
The Master’s words we each could tell.

We know, but do we ever heed,  
In strong temptation’s sudden need,  
When fiery passion rises high  
At thought of wrongs that deeper lie  
Than any outward injury,  
Although no eye the wound may see?

Help us, dear Lord, for Thou hast known  
This pain of being left alone  
With wounded love. Thy questioner,  
When trial came, was quick to err,  
And in Thy ready pardon we  
The measure of our own may see.

Then, though the bitter tears may rise,  
Our angry thoughts grow calm and wise,  
Stilled by Thy soft, constraining tone,  
We answer : " Master, not alone  
Till seven times, but limitless,  
Make Thou our heart's forgivingness."

“MAKE THOU ALL HIS BED IN  
HIS SICKNESS.”

Tossing restless on his pillow  
Through the long, long, weary night,  
Lies the sick man, watching sadly  
For the blessed morning light.  
All the pleasant things that pleased him  
Vanished from his daily life,  
Knowing that the new day brings him  
Only weakness for the strife.

What was once a couch of comfort  
Turned into a bed of pain.  
Tender touch of wife or mother  
Tries to smooth it, but in vain.  
So we turn to Him whose presence  
All the dark as light doth make,  
For His angels guard the sleeping,  
While He stays with those who wake.

And we ask that from this pillow  
He will take the thorns away,  
Make this bed of restless anguish  
Soft as faith and patience may.  
Teach the lessons that are needed,  
Still the doubts, the love inflame,  
Shield him while he lies there helpless,  
Raise him up to praise His name.



“PITIFULLY BEHOLD THE SOR-  
ROWS OF OUR HEARTS.”

Oh God! Behold with pity  
These hearts that Thou hast made,  
Weighed down with crushing sorrows  
And shrinking back afraid.  
Great griefs and disappointments,  
The anguish of regret,  
The sharp pangs of bereavement,  
The little cares that fret.

The change in friends who loved us,  
The dying out of joy,  
The deepening of the shadows  
As years our hopes destroy.  
The bitterness of longing  
For those who come no more,  
The agonies of parting  
The future has in store.

Dear Master, look upon them.

Thine eye can pierce the shade,

Thy glance has healing in it ;

We need not be dismayed.

Dwell in our hearts, and sorrow

No longer means despair ;

Patience and strength and comfort

Will come if Thou art there.

## LINNÆA, OR TWIN FLOWER.

(LINNÆA BOREALIS.)

Pink bells, fairy bells,  
    Springing from the sod,  
Underneath the pines,  
    Where the fairies trod.  
Twin bells, fragrant bells,  
    Ringing friendship's chime,  
Breathing love's delight,  
    In the summer time.

Pinkest where they turn  
    Modest face to earth ;  
Raining sweetness down  
    On the pine leaves dearth.  
On the slender stem  
    Perfumed censers swing,  
While the long June days  
    Gathered fragrance bring.

Lowly on the ground  
    Creeps the parent vine ;  
Twin leaves on brown threads  
    Their green carpet twine.  
When the bloom is o'er  
    Steadfast they remain,  
Till the autumn winds  
    Scatter them again.

Messengers of love,  
    Truly tell the tale ;  
Summer sweetness lasts  
    When the storms prevail.  
Your pink glory stays  
    Fadeless through the year ;  
Garnered in our hearts  
    Wintry days to cheer.

## FRET NOT THYSELF.

Fret not thyself, complaining soul,  
What though the darkness seem to roll  
In waves of deepest gloom ?  
A path shall open through the shade,  
And room enough for thee be made,  
And God thy cares assume.

Fret not thyself, a mind at rest  
Is best prepared to serve Him best  
Who orders all our ways.  
The little cares, that seem so great,  
Of mind, of body, or estate,  
On high our hearts should raise.

Fret not thyself, a mind disturbed  
Utters itself in speech perturbed,  
That leads to ruder strife.  
Then quick repress the fretful sigh ;  
Remember God Himself is nigh,  
And trust to Him thy life.

## THE BLESSED COMPANY OF ALL FAITHFUL PEOPLE.

Each at his task is toiling,  
And we heed them not as we run ;  
Dark with shadows of evening,  
Or bright with the rising sun.  
Each with his face set eastward  
To catch the first gleam of the light.  
It matters not what the task  
If the work is but done aright.

Some labor is crowned with triumph,  
Some is scarred with defeat,  
They know not which is the better,  
For the task is incomplete.  
It cannot be wholly finished  
Until death has set the seal ;  
For what is success, or failure,  
The next world waits to reveal.

There is but one thing needful,  
That the will shall be firm and true,  
Prompt to follow the Master's  
Wheresoever it leadeth to.  
Perhaps to the heights of conquest,  
Where labor is crowned and blest  
Where genius is fully honored,  
And the workman's skill confest ;

Or low to the darksome valley,  
Where the scattered fragments lie  
Of work that was crushed by failure,  
And that seemed to men to die.  
It may be those broken pieces  
Have a mission to fulfil,  
To place on a firm foundation  
The city set on a hill.

If it serves the Master's purpose,  
The workmen do not complain  
If they themselves and their service  
Seem to them but naught and vain,

Like hapless besiegers lying  
In the ditch before the foe,  
Their bodies forming the pathway  
Over which their comrades go.

A willing sacrifice offered,  
If that is their part to be,  
Content to have done their duty  
Though the fruit they never see.  
The bond of a faithful service  
This company binds in one;  
Though the work shall fail, or prosper,  
The verdict will be "Well done."







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